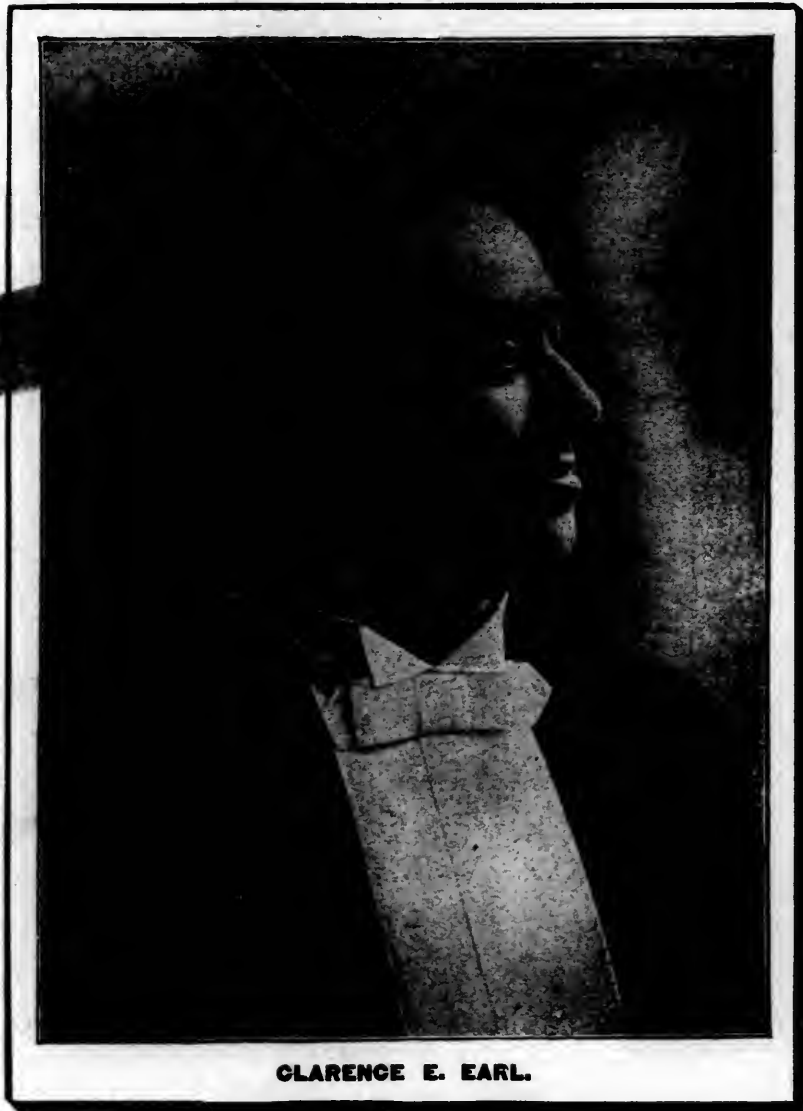


LOVE WILL BRING



CLARENCE E. EARL.

ME

BACK

AGAIN

SONGSTER

—~~~~~—
WORDS AND MUSIC.

◀ **PRICE 25 CENTS.** ▶

Published by **HENRY J. WEHMAN,**

130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK.

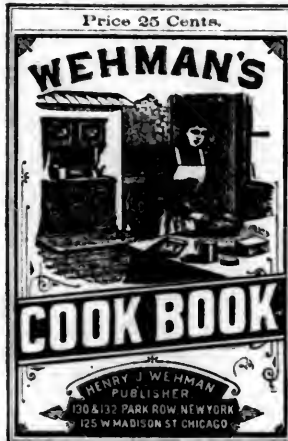
125 W. Madison Street, CHICAGO.

WEHMAN'S COOK BOOK

PRICE, Paper Cover..... 25c.
" Board "..... 50c.

A practical and reliable Guide to every-day Cookery,
by an Experienced Housekeeper.

This work on Cookery has several noteworthy features entirely distinct from any heretofore published. It is arranged so that the Housewife can tell at a glance the time necessary to Cook any Dish or Article of Diet. It also gives some practical hints and suggestions for selecting the various meats, vegetables, etc., as well as directions for Preserving, Storing and Keeping them. Special attention is paid to economy, and an effort is made to remove the reproach which justly clings to American Cookery, of being extravagant and wasteful without being palatable and healthful. Full instructions are given to prepare all kinds of Pies, Puddings, Cakes, Jellies, etc., as well as preparing and cooking all kinds of Meats, Soups, Gravies, Fish, Vegetables, etc., in an Economical and Appetizing Manner. It also contains considerable miscellaneous information pertaining to the household, such as Removing Kitchen Odors, Grease Spots, Iron Stains, Ink Spots in Books; Cleaning, Scouring, Receipts for Washing, etc., and a variety of others equally useful and necessary to the Housekeeper or Cook. These features make this work the best, most practical, and Popular Cook Book ever issued. This book, paper cover, will be sent to any address, by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 25c.; or board cover at 50c.



Clean and unused United States one or two-cent postage stamps taken in payment for all our goods same as cash. Catalogue of all our goods mailed free on application. Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,

130 & 132 Park Row, 125 W. Madison Street,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

WEHMAN'S BOOK OF LOVE LETTERS

PRICE 25 CENTS.

There is no greater or more profound reality than love. There is no nobler possession than the love of another. There is no higher gift from one human being to another than love. The gift and the possession are true sanctifiers of life, and should be worn as precious jewels, without affectation and without bashfulness. For this reason there is nothing to be ashamed of in a love letter, provided it be sincere. A celebrated writer once said that "to write a good love letter, you must begin without knowing what you are going to say, and finish without knowing what you have said." The remark is to some extent correct, as the true secret of all successful letter-writing lies in the power of conveying the thoughts, feelings, and desires of the writer to his or her correspondent. Such a letter would undoubtedly reflect the state of the writer's heart, agitated and disordered by the tumultuous throbs of passion; but, as the zeal of young persons generally, in matters affecting the heart, is very apt to outrun discretion, expression would unconsciously be given to absurd and foolish protestations, or to extravagant and romantic adulation of the object of attachment.



To obviate this tendency, love and courtship letters should be an index of the writer's good sense and judgment as well as the state of the affections, and therefore regard should be had in the composition of letters, as well as in the selection of words, to the purity of style, avoiding the bombast and affectation and morbid sentimentalism which too frequently characterizes epistles on these subjects. And though in persons of refinement and education an honorable attachment will suffice to prompt its candid expression, there are many persons not possessed of these advantages, to whom correspondence is always attended with considerable difficulty. To all such the series of Letters contained in this book, in which delicacy of feeling and the warmth of expression suited to the subject have been carefully blended, will be found an important aid in acquiring facility and accuracy in the art of Letter-Writing. It also contains the Art of Secret Writing, the Language of Love Poetically Portrayed, and Simplified Rules of Grammar. Price 25 cts. per copy. SPECIAL—Five copies for \$1. Get four of your friends to club in with you at 5 cents each, making \$1 in all, and thereby get your own book free of charge.

Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,

130 & 132 Park Row, 125 W. Madison Street,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

WEHMAN'S DANCING MASTER & CALL BOOK

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All the Figures of the German and Every New and Fashionable Waltz, Round or Square Dance known in Europe or America. The Author has made this Book so Simple and Plain that any child can, by reading it, become an expert in Dancing without the aid of a Teacher. No other Book on Dancing will compare with this. All the Latest and Fashionable Dances are minutely described by Illustrated Figures from Life, Explaining Positions in Round Dances, etc., and this Original Method enables persons to learn the Waltz by practicing it a very few times, and you will have no difficulty in acquiring it. Hints for the Organization and Management of Balls, Parties, &c. Advice in regard to the Selection of Music for Balls, Private Parties, &c. On Calling, National Guard Quadrille, the Plain Quadrille, the Lancers, the Saratoga Lancers, the Caledonians, the Surprise Quadrille, the Prince Imperial Quadrille, the Waltz Quadrille No. 1 and 2, the Glide Lancers, the Glide Caledonians, the Parisian Varieties, the London Polka Quadrille, Quadrille Figures—The Basket Figure, the Star Figure, the March Figure, the Jig Figure, the Minuet Figure, the Chest Figure, the Nine-Pin Figure. Contra Dances—The Virginia Reel, the Pop Goes the Weasel, Spanish Dance, the Sicilian Circle, Grand March, Quadrille or Square Dances, Explanation of Quadrille Steps and Movements, Illustrations of Five Positions in Dancing. Points on Round Dances, the Polka, the Waltz, the Modern Plain Waltz, Guide Waltz, the Polka Masourka, the Knickerbocker, the Newport, the Gavienne, Danish Dance, the Racquet, the Wave, the Bohemian, or Heel and Toe Polka, the Galop, the Schottische, the Deux Femmes, the Sicilienne, The German—55 Figures, Giving the Names and Full Description of each, and How to Dance them Correctly. It is a book of great value. Will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,

130 & 132 Park Row, 125 W. Madison
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

WEHMAN'S NEW BOOK OF RIDDLES & CONUNDRUMS

PRICE 25 CENTS.



This book contains the "siftings" from the "whole field" of Riddles and Conundrums, along with a lot of recent, first-class productions. In it can be found curious, puzzling and pleasing Riddles and Conundrums to suit every phase of feeling, sentiment or humor. A capital book for end men in minstrel entertainments, as it contains questions and answers that will invariably "bring down a house." With the aid of this book, you can "hold your own" with those who are continually "springing old chestnuts" on to you—yes, matters with which to "crash" or silence would-be punsters. It contains Riddles and Conundrums that will keep the whole continent guessing and then they'll have to give 'em up half the time. In fact, it contains the best and largest collection of Riddles and Conundrums ever sold at so low a price. Price TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per copy, by mail, post-paid. SPECIAL—Five copies for \$1. Get four of your friends to club in with you at 25 cents each, making \$1 in all, and thereby get your own book free of charge. Clean and unused U. S. postage stamps, of any denomination, taken same as cash. In sending silver, be sure to wrap a small piece of newspaper around it, to prevent it from tearing through the envelope. Send greenbacks for large amounts if not inconvenient to you. Any five Twenty-five Cent Books on this page for \$1.

Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,

130 & 132 Park Row, 125 W. Madison Street,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

WEHMAN'S SELECTION OF POPULAR DIALOGUES

PRICE 25 CENTS.



This book, the first of the series, contains a large number of the finest dialogues in our language. Adapted for Parlor Entertainments, Social Gatherings, School Exhibitions, etc. Many of the dialogues in this book are new and original and cannot be found in any other book. Great care has been taken in the preparation of this book—our chief aim being to insert the "siftings" from the "whole field" of Popular Dialogues, suitable for public and private recital. Price TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per copy, by mail, post-paid. SPECIAL—Get four of your friends to club with you at 25 cents each, making \$1 in all, and thereby get your own book free of charge. Clean and unused U. S. postage stamps, of any denomination, taken same as cash. In sending silver, be sure to wrap a small piece of newspaper around it, to prevent it from tearing through the envelope. Send greenbacks for large amounts if not inconvenient to you. Any five Twenty-five Cent Books on this page for \$1.

Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,

130 & 132 Park Row, 125 W. Madison Street,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

There's No Place Like the Old Home After All

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman. Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.
Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

When I left school long years ago I was a wayward child,
I took delight in any sport which happened to be wild;
Kind parents never could control the mischief strong in me,
Till, heedless of their good advice, I ran away to sea.
I thought of all the happiness that now would surely come,
When I should be away from those who ruled me when at home;
But after all the weary years that since have passed away
My thoughts return to those at home, and tearfully I say:

CHORUS.

It may not be a mansion with roses 'round the door,
It may not be a parlor with carpet on the floor;
But when you're far away in sorrow you will say:
There's no place like the old home after all.

In many foreign lands I've been since I began to roam,
Yet I have met no friends who could compare with those at home;
There naught but loving words prevail, in sickness or in health,
And anxious parents welcome you in poverty or wealth.
Then wayward sons and daughters have a thought for parents dear,
To-night at home your vacant chairs will cause them many a tear;
So nourish and protect them while this earth they are upon,
You'll miss the dear old folks at home when they are dead and gone.

CHORUS.

It may not be a mansion with roses 'round the door,
It may not be a parlor with carpet on the floor;
But when you're far away in sorrow you will say:
There's no place like the old home after all.

HOW NICE THAT ALL MUST BE

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.
Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

When the moon has lit the gloom and stars begin to shine,
Whip-poor-will, from o'er the hill, his evening song does chime,
Then you start, with happy heart, your darling girl to see;
Perhaps she'll wait for you at the gate—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

You take her arm within your own, down the lane together roam
To love's retreat, and there, alone, beneath some favorite tree,
You tell her she's your turtle-dove, swear to her, by all above,
That she's the only girl you love—how nice that all must be.

'Neath the trees you sit at ease, your darling by your side,
'Round her waist your arm is placed and silly words are tried.
On your breast her head does rest, of course there's none like she,
You can't resist to steal a kiss—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

With happy heart your steps retrace—as you gaze into her face
A smile of love you may there trace, a smile that is meant for thee.
But still the stars shine bright above, homeward going with your love,
The old man's waiting with a club—how nice that all must be.

While dad's asleep, the girl you meet some other night as fair,
Down the lane you go again, and love to her declare.
You caress, she answers, "Yes," to questions asked by thee;
At last 'tis said and you're happy made—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

Then soon the happy day does come, then, of course, you're both made one,
And really glad the thing is done, to that you will both agree.
You start to take her to her home, you know you can't get in your own,
And by her dad the door you're shown—how nice that all must be.

Soon a home get of your own, where you and little wife
Live quite gay no months pass 'way, enjoy the best of life.
Aunts and cousins then come by dozens, stop for dinner and tea;
Don't mind at first, but when it gets worse—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

Then bills they come in by the score, doctors, bakers' many more;
Instead of rich, you're getting poor, and that you daily do see;
A dozen children, say, you've got, and as you come from your shop,
Your wife has skipped, left you the lot—how nice that all must be.

BROKEN HEARTS

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured. All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.
Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by James Thornton. Music by Andrew Mack.

This world is but the stage of life, the mighty Master said,
On which most men and women play, to earn their daily bread;
With lawyers, doctors, diplomats and preachers in the cast,
Who fill the parts made vacant by their brothers who have passed.
The hypocrite he wears a mask, 'tis but for outward show,
And crime goes by unpunished, for blind justice oft is slow;
The millionaire and workman play most important parts,
They form the two great factors in the play of "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

The first scene is a cottage, where the roof lets in the rain;
There's a father almost famished, there's a mother ill with pain,
There's the money king who orders their eviction, then departs.
That's the first scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

The next scene was a mansion in a land across the sea,
By acres wide surrounded, and the home of royalty;
Its owner is of noble birth and lord of his domains,
And boasted of the ancient blood that flow'd within his veins.
Now comes another character, a girl quite young in years,
Her face it wears a troubled look, her cheeks are stained with tears;
She meets the young lord face to face, he turns pale, then he starts.
He met her in the first act of the play called "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

He promised he would marry her, she trustingly believed,
But when the day appointed came she found she'd been deceived;
Now the servants drive her from the door, in shame the girl departs.
That's another scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Amid the sound of marriage bells a couple went their way,
A youth and maiden, smiling sweet, for 'tis their wedding day.
They vow to love each other true along life's rough career;
A baby blessed their union ere they had been wed a year.
But sad, alas! One day to her the evil tempter came:
He told her he could lead her to the very gates of fame.
She left her husband and her child and fled to foreign parts.
In silence he forgives her, in the play of "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

There's a husband sadly waiting, for his love will never die;
He tells his little daughter, mother's coming bye-and-bye.
He bows his head to hide the tears that to his eye-lids start.
That's the saddest scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Now comes the grand finale upon which the curtain falls,
The scene it is a battle-field, riven by cannon balls.
It is a field of carnage dire, with bloody corpses strewn;
The battle rages fierce and wild, but 'twill be ended soon.
The enemy have fled, and wounded soldiers shout with joy,
And there among their number lay a dying drummer boy.
A comrade lifts him tenderly, he lad these words imparts:
"Tell mother I died fighting in life's play of 'Broken Hearts.'"

CHORUS.

There's a poor, old, gray-haired mother waiting for her boy to come;
She is thinking of the morning when she buckled on his drum.
The news arrives her boy is dead—from this life she departs.
That's the last scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD

Copyright, 1894, by H. W. Petrie. Words by Philip Wingate. Music by H. W. Petrie. All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.
Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Once there lived, side by side, two little maids;
Used to dress just alike—half down in braids,
Blue ging'am pinafores, stockings of red,
Little sun-bonnets tied on each pretty head.
When school was over secrets they'd tell,
Whispering arm in arm down by the well;
One day a quarrel came, hot tears were shed—
"You can't play in our yard," but the other said:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see me sliding down our cellar door.
You can't holler down our rain-barrel, you can't climb our apple tree;
I don't want to play in your yard, if you won't be good to me."

Next day two little maids each other miss,
Quarrels are soon made up, sealed with a kiss;
Then hand in hand again happy they go,
Friends all thro' life to be, they love each other so.
Soon school days pass away, sorrows and bliss,
But love remembers yet quarrels and kiss,
In sweet dreams of childhood we hear the cry:
"You can't play in our yard," and the old reply:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see me sliding down our cellar door.
You can't holler down our rain-barrel, you can't climb our apple tree;
I don't want to play in your yard, if you won't be good to me."

LOVE WILL BRING ME BACK AGAIN.

Chorus.

Tempo di Valse.

Love will bring me back a - gain O - ver the o - cean wide,.....

Ev - er fond - ly to re - main close by my dar - ling's side..... Tho'

care may dim your lov ing eyes Look - ing for me in vain,..... Re -

- mem - ber this, with part - ing kiss, Love will bring me back a - gain!.....
colla voce.

Copyright, 1894, by HENRY J. WEHMAN.

NOTICE.—The Complete Words and Music of this Song can be had at any Music Store, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 40 Cents by the Publisher, Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or, 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The Girl I Love

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by George Dalley. Music by Andrew Mack.

There is a girl that I adore, she lives across the way;
Standing by her cottage gate I see her every day.
At night my thoughts oft wander to the tiny stars above,
I seem to see in every one the girl I love.

CHORUS.

The girl I love, the girl I love,
She seems to be in every tiny star above;
Every flower, sweet and rare, every bird that wings the air
Reminds me of the girl I love.

Tho' when you wander 'round the earth, or sail the deep blue sea,
Winsome maidens you may meet, but none so fair as she.
My heart is just a peaceful nest to hold my gentle dove,
And soon I'll wed, with joy complete, the girl I love.—Chorus.

GIRL WANTED

Copyright, 1894, by Gus C. Weinberg. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Gus C. Weinberg.

Jim Brown had just been married, he got a lovely spouse—
She said she'd do the cooking when they went keeping house;
She cooked a lovely dinner, with vegetables and meat;
He tried it, then he told her it was not fit to eat.

Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, and wife is not cooking any more;
She said it was like mother used to make it—
He told her if it was she ought to shake it,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The first girl was a pretty girl, with handsome form and face;
Brown fell in love, and so, of course, the girl secured the place;
Brown's wife was jealous of her charms, she thought something amiss;
She watched and saw her husband give that pretty girl a kiss.

Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that pretty girl ain't working any more.
You ought to see that pretty girl skedaddle;
He lost his hair and teeth during the battle;
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next girl was a country girl, her face would give one frights;
She lost her breath in trying to blow out electric lights.
She went to build a fire, and the wood was somewhat green,
And just to start it going, why, she poured on kerosene.

Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that country girl ain't working any more;
And now she's living up a little higher—
No more she's got to monkey with the fire,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next one was a colored girl, she was so awful fat,
And sported chicken feathers upon a gandy hat—

That day she climbed two flights of stairs to get a piece of rope,
But when she reached the top, she stepped upon a piece of soap.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that colored girl ain't working any more;
Her funeral occurred next day at seven—
Another colored angel's up in heaven,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

Grover Cleveland was a neighbor, he thought he'd be in line—
One day they saw him fuss around in tacking up a sign;
Of course they all felt curious, they wondered what it said—
A crowd soon gathered 'round it, and this is what they read:

Boy wanted, boy wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Boy wanted, boy wanted, and Grover doesn't want girls any more.
A girl could never hold his proud position—
To have a boy has been his great ambition,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Boy Wanted."

The next girl was an actress, she'd been upon the stage—
She posed in living pictures when they were all the rage;
One day she put her costumes on for Brown's special delight,
And wifey, who had been down town, flew in and saw the sight.

Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that actress ain't working any more.
She nearly broke their home and all the fixtures,
For wifey drew the line at living pictures.
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

EUNICE VANCE'S GREAT COMIC HIT:

And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.

As sung also with unbounded success by Miss MADGE ELLIS,
The Popular LIZZIE RAYMOND, and others.

Copyright, 1894, by Frank Tousey. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon and Monroe Rosenfeld.

There was once a simple maiden, came to New York on a trip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
Her cheeks were like the roses, she'd a pout upon her lip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
When she landed at the station here she took a little stroll,
At everything she wondered, till she lost her self-control;
Said she, "New York is quite a village, ain't it? Bless my soul!"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

CHORUS.

But, oh Jane! Doesn't look the same;
When she left the village she was shy,
But alas! and alack! She's gone back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.

She toddled down Broadway, a bashful smile upon her face,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
A bit of nice blue ribbon kept her ringlets in their place,
For her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Of course, she knew her manners, she'd been taught to be polite;
So when a gent said "Hem, good evening!" she said "Hem, good night!"
Said she, "I am a stranger here, I hope you'll treat me right."
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

She took his arm in confidence, she liked his pleasant ways,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
At all the dimmets passing by she stared in great amaze,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
She told him she was thirsty: "Oh, all right," said he, "good biz."
He took her to Delmonico's and treated her to fizz;
Said she, "I think it's nicer than a glass of milk, it is."
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

They drank until the artless man so very weary grew,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
She took his chain and ticker, and his diamond breastpin, too,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Then silently she left him as he slumbered in a chair,
Into the street she wandered with a very simple air—
She would have carried off the snuff if there had been one there,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

Now, gentle folks, I warn you all to shun the simple maid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back;
If any such you run across just don't you be afraid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back.
Just skip the gutter, cross the street, or take another lane,
Or dodge the corner, take a cab, or catch a railway train;
And as you're flying up the street just sing her this refrain:
"Oh, your golden hair is hanging down your back.—Chorus."

KIND WORDS

Copyright, MDCCCXIV, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by John Butler. Music by J. F. Mahony.

Kind words are spoken never in vain;
No hearts are broken from their refrain;
Music to our ears, sweetest and best,
Through all the long years stored in the breast.

REFRAIN.

Kind words when spoken will cause us no sigh;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky.

Kind words, oh, stranger! memory will bring
You out of danger back to love's spring;
Dwell now and ever in our dear home,
Kind words will never cause us to roam.—Refrain.

Kind words will perish, not in the night,
Oh! how we cherish them with delight;
Brave many token, not cruel and cold,
Live on unbroken when we are old.—Refrain.

HEARTS.

Copyright, 1893, by Joseph Flanner.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Jos. Clauder.

Would I could but read your heart,
And see what's written there;
Could I use some hidden art,
Just to learn how much you care;
Could I only read your heart,
And see if you retain
The love you vowed would ne'er depart
Through sunshine and rain.
Do not be angry with me, loved one,
For the words that pained you so;
It was my love for you, my darling,
It was my pride which dealt the blow;
Let me look into thy heart,
And find reflected there
The image which will ne'er depart,
And the love which is so rare.

CHORUS.

Hidden stories, hidden treasures, has thy heart concealed;
Would I ever be contented if its treasures were revealed?
Wondering if your thoughts are with me as in the days of yore,
If I could but read and find it mine for evermore.

Others may more charming be,
Famed for their wit and grace,
But none will more constant be—
True love lies not in a face.
Often in a lonely hour
My thoughts they turn to thee,
Ah, oh, so sad, I ofttime wonder
If you ever think of me.
Oh, why are you so long in coming,
Making my life so long and drear,
Would that I could but read your heart, love,
And set at rest this trembling fear.
I know that you were ever true,
I pleaded not in vain,
But time has sped never to return
With its pleasures and its pain.—Chorus.

The Widow's Plea for Her Son.

Copyright, 1893, by Louis H. Ross & Co.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Composed by Lewis Hall.

I strolled into a court-house not many miles from here,
A boy stood in the prisoner's dock, his mother she was near;
The boy was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,
And from his master's cash box he had taken some coin away.
The boy addressed His Honor, while the tears ran down his cheeks,
Said he, "Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?"
His Honor then consented, while the boy hung down his head,
And turning to the juryman, these words his mother said:

CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The lawyer for the prosecution at the widow commenced to frown,
And politely asked His Honor if he'd order her to sit down.
He said it was disgraceful, and a gross insult, indeed,
His Honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.
The widow's eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks turned deadly pale;
She said, "I'm here to try and save my offspring from the jail.
Altho' my boy is guilty—I own his crime is bad,
But who's there that's more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?"

CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.

The judge then addressed the prisoner, and these words to him did say:
"I'm sorry to sit on this bench, and see you here to-day.
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown,
For I can't forget that I have got some children of my own.
I therefore will discharge you"—and the court then gave a cheer—
"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there.
I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad,
For she has proved there's no one clings like a mother to her lad."

CHORUS.

Remember, she's his mother, and the prisoner there's her son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send her boy to prison, for that would drive her mad;
Remember, she's a widow, and she's pleading for her lad.

TOM AND I'LL GO TOO.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Kornder.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Before the grim old judge they stood, a mother, girl and boy,
The father faced his children and his wife;
He said that she had wronged him tho' she once had been his joy,
He sought a separation there for life.
The judge said, I will part you for your hearts are strangers now,
The boy can with his mother always stay,
And if the girl is willing she can with her father go.
The little daughter then began to say:

REFRAIN.

My home will be with mother, for I'll never have another,
If I should leave her now what would she do;
I love you, dad, sincerely, and my mother just as dearly,
Take mother home, then Tom and I'll go too.

The father tho't of happy days before the babes were born,
Before estrangement, jealousy and pride,
The promises and vows he made upon their wedding morn,
The loving woman who became his bride.
The loyalty of childhood proved that she was faithful still,
Upon her good name there was not a stain;
The veil was torn asunder and they never will forget
The words that made them man and wife again:

KEEP THE HOME TOGETHER.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Kornder.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage Stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

An only son was seated at the bedside of his dad,
And down his boyish cheeks the tears had started;
The father feebly said: my boy, remember when I'm dead
Your poor old mother will be broken hearted;
"Then she'll need your aid, my boy, so act the noble man,
When I am laid to rest upon the heather;
Then be a credit to her, help her every way you can,
To prosper and to keep the home together.

CHORUS.

Keep the home together, John, and keep a heart that's willing,
For when the home is gone, you know, a man's not worth a shilling;
Fortune may not favor you, but wait for brighter weather,
And help your dear old mother, John, to keep the home together.

Don't leave the little homestead, John, the place we've had for years,
Its every nook and corner has a story;
The morning we were wed, my boy, your mother to me said
"The little cottage was her earthly glory.
My fortune may confront you, but be fearless to the end,
You'll get along though cloudy be the weather;
Your two sweet little sisters on your mother will depend,
Be kind to them and keep the home together.

I LOVE YOU IN SPITE OF ALL.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. K. Harris. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Fred. Simonson.

Down by a shady brook, by a swift running stream,
Sat a maid and her lover, both happy as a dream.
All nature seemed at rest, as the birds sang their lay,
He told her that he loved her, called her his Queen of May.
Neither in their trysting, saw a maiden fall,
A girl who also loved him, loved him the best of all.
"I love you best of all, better than all this world."
Those were the words were spoken, those were the words she heard.
"With your dear arms about me, I care not what befall,
Surely, dear, you will not doubt me, I love you best of all."

She wandered from her home, this maiden all forlorn,
In her heart kept the secret of a love left unborn.
She came upon these lovers, unconscious of her woe,
And heard him say "I love you," just as she turned to go.
She would keep her secret, which no time could pall,
Her heart was almost breaking, she loved in spite of all.
"I love you best of all," etc.

Long, weary days have passed to the sweet little maid,
Who has had many suitors, but to all she says nay,
No one else will she wed, she knows her heart is gone
To one who will never love her, he weds to-morrow morn.
Seated in the arbor his words she now recalls,
Yet in her heart she loves him, loves him in spite of all.
"I love you best of all," etc.

THE WORKINGMAN'S DREAM!

Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

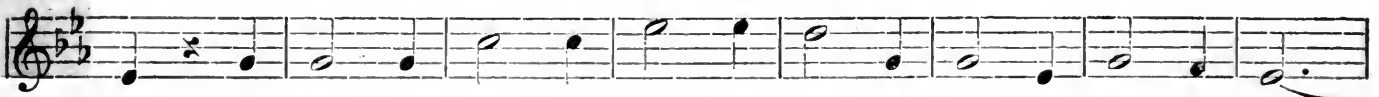
Allegro Moderato.



1. A work - ing - man came home one night And sat down just to rest,.....
 2. He heed - ed not the storm with - out; Thro' it he'd tried in all day,.....
 3. His wife with all a moth - er's love, While tears were in her heart,.....
 4. He woke at last and gazed a - round Up - on the cheer - less room,.....



And while he sat he fell a - sleep, With sor - row in his breast...
 To earn the hon - est dol - lar That for food and fire would pay,.....
 Stood si - lent by while death came in, Her babe and her to part,.....
 His dream was but a mock - er - y, It brought him deep - er gloom...



He slept the sleep of the hon - est toil, And will - ing work - ing hand,.....
 His dream was of the chil - dren sweet He longed to free from care,.....
 The man slept on, a peace - ful smile Up - on his rug - ged face,.....
 He looked in - to the era - dle On the wax - en face so fair,.....

cres.

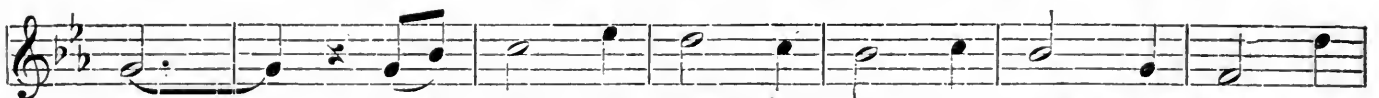


And in a dream he saw a - gain Good for - tune in the land,.....
 He nev - er thought that they with him Such pov - er - ty would bear,.....
 His dream was of his lit - tle boy And lit - tle ba - by Grace,.....
 The child that he so fond - ly loved Was in the an - gels' care!.....

p CHORUS.



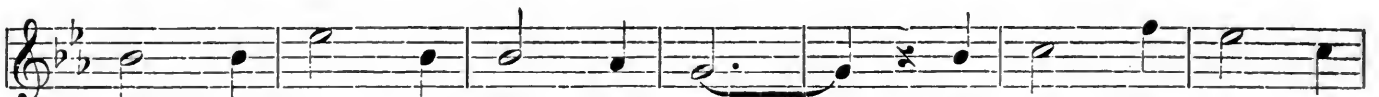
He dreamt he saw his faith - ful wife Come snil - ing to his



side,..... And round him romped his lit - tle ones whose laugh - ter



was his pride,..... The sun of bright pros - per - i -



ty Shown round him once a - gain,..... But when he woke he

rit.



sighed, "a - las! My dream was all in vain!".....

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by HENRY J. WEHMAN.

The complete Words and Music of this Song can be had for 40 cents per copy, of any Music Dealer in the United States or Canada; or from the Publisher, HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York and 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.


SEEING JENNIE HOME.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Arr. by F. W. MEACHAM.

Words and Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Valse.




1. I have an on - ly Jen - nie, she is most won - drous fair;.....
 2. Just sev - en - teen is Jen - nie, she is so shy and coy;.....
 3. The time seems long in com - ing, when mar - riage bells will ring;.....



..... And ev - 'ry day I meet her, on the cor - ner of the square;.....
 With smiles she al - ways greets me, and it fills my heart with joy;.....
 And birds the pleas - ure shar - ing, in the trees will sweet - ly sing;.....

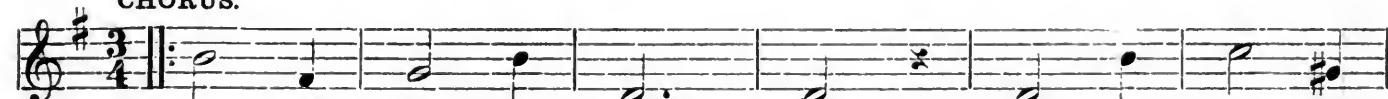


..... Then arm in arm to - geth - er, we are hap - py as we roam,....
 No won - der I am en - vied, when with Jen - nie dear I roam,....
 When the wed - ding march re - sound - ing, like the cho - rus of a poem,....



..... And so sweet - ly ends the ev - 'ning, in see - ing Jen - nie home.....
 And a lone have all the pleas - ure, of see - ing Jen - nie home.....
 And on my arm so proud - ly, I'll take my Jen - nie home.....

CHORUS.



See - ing Jen - nie home,..... Oh! what joy it



gives me, Heart so true, eyes so blue, gold en



hair has my Jen - nie, See - ing Jen - nie home,.....



Oh! what joy it gives me, Ev - 'ry night 'tis my de -



light, see - ing Jen - nie home..... home.....

Copyright, MDCCCXIV, by HENRY J. WEHMAN.

The complete Words and Music of this Song can be had for 40 cents per copy, of any Music Dealer in the United States or Canada; or from the Publisher, HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

CARRIE.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding, Koruder & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

Come, boys, and listen; don't turn away,
While I tell of a belle so neat and gay—
These words were spoken to his chums by Ned,
And, with a laugh, a photograph he showed them and said:

CHORUS.

That's my darling Carrie, the girl I mean to marry;
Every evening, just at eight, standing by the garden gate
With my darling Carrie, so happily we tarry;
Oh, what bliss in just one kiss from Carrie.

Each lad pronounced her handsome and fair;
Some one said, when you're wed we'll all be there.
Now, boys, you know her, softly murmured Ned,
And pointing to the picture fair, he smiled as he said:—*Chorus.*

FLOWERY COURTSHIP.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Thos. LeMack. Music by Andrew Mack.

As two fond lovers chanced to stray beneath the sun's bright ray,
With fondest love-light beaming in their eyes,
To a quiet shade, it seemed that nature made,
For him to woo and win his pretty prize.
The flowers all seemed to be courting and to lover's ways resorting,
There within his mind a thought arose,
And the action of the flowers that grew in nature's bowers
Had imbued it with a courage to propose.

CHORUS.

Those were golden hours, cherished in love's memory;
The flowers seemed contented, all in peaceful harmony.
Watching flowers making love, quite contented he says,
"Love, I'll be true to thee."—*[Dances.]*

The pretty morning-glory to the pink bud told the story,
How its heart was set to marry it some day;
Lovely, blushing rose lacked courage to propose
Till daffodil had cheered it in its way.
The pretty dandelion for some one to love was sighing,
While the violet seemed prone to share its fate;
And the rose and pink carnation held lover's consultation,
While the lily claimed the tulip for its mate.—*Chorus.*

THE FATAL WEDDING.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding, Koruder & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by W. H. Windom. Music by Gussie L. Davis.

The wedding bells were ringing on a moonlight winter's night,
The church was decorated, all within was gay and bright;
A mother with her baby came and saw the lights aglow;
She thought of how those same bells chimed for her three years ago!
"I'd like to be admitted, sir," she told the sexton old,
"Just for the sake of baby, to protect him from the cold."
He told her that the wedding there was for the rich and grand,
And with the eager, watching crowd, outside she'd have to stand.

REFRAIN.

While the wedding bells were ringing, while the bride and groom were there,
Marching up the aisle together, as the organ pealed an air;
Telling tales of fond affection, vowing never more to part,
Just another fatal wedding, just another broken heart.

She begged the sexton once again to let her pass inside—
For baby's sake you may step in the gray-haired man replied.
"If any one knows reason why this couple should not wed,
Speak now, or hold your peace forever," soon the preacher said.
"I must object," the woman cried, with voice so meek and mild,
"The bridegroom is my husband, sir, and this our little child."
"What proof have you," the preacher asked. "My infant," she replied.
She raised her babe, then knelt to pray, the little one had died.—*Refrain.*

The parents of the bride then took the outcast by the arm—
We'll care for you through life, they said; you've saved our child from harm;
The outcast wife, the bride and parents, quickly drove away;
The husband died by his own hand before the break of day.
No wedding feast was spread that night, two graves were made next day—
One for the little baby, and in one the father lay.
The story has been often told, by firesides warm and bright,
Of bride and groom, of outcast, and the fatal wedding night.—*Refrain.*

SEEING JENNIE HOME.

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—price 40 cents, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Catalogue of 5000 Songs Free.

Words and Music by Geo. C. Edwards. Arranged by F. W. Meacham.

I have an only Jennie, she is most wondrous fair,
And ev'ry day I meet her on the corner of the square;
Then arm in arm together we are happy as we roam,
And so sweetly ends the evening in seeing Jennie home.

CHORUS.

Seeing Jennie home, oh, what joy it gives me;
Heart so true, eyes so blue, golden hair has my Jennie.
Seeing Jennie home, oh, what joy it gives me;
Ev'ry night 'tis my delight seeing Jennie home.

Just seventeen is Jennie, she is so shy and coy,
With smiles she always greets me, and it fills my heart with joy;
No wonder I am envied when with Jennie dear I roam,
And alone have all the pleasure of seeing Jennie home.—*Chorus.*

The time seems long in coming when marriage bells will ring,
And birds, the pleasure sharing, in the trees will sweetly sing;
When the wedding march resounding like the chorus of a poem,
And on my arm so proudly I'll take my Jennie home.—*Chorus.*

The Christening of Maggie's Baby.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Koruder. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Lew H. Carroll.

Just three years ago pretty Maggie Maguire
Was married to Michael McGee;
They have a sweet baby the neighbors admire,
As cute as the cutest could be;
The night that they christened the dear little lad,
The parents with hapiness smiled;
They welcomed their friends as they entered the cottage,
And sang to the health of the child.

CHORUS.

Baby, you're your papa's joy, and you are your mamma's darling,
Sweet as a rose, with a nice little nose, we hug and caress you,
With kisses we bless you, so rock-a-bye baby that's on the tree-top,
Tut-tut-lull-la by, with joy and delight we were singing all night,
At the Christening of Maggie's baby.

Before Maggie wed she was greatly admired
By every young lad in the place;
Her ways were so modest, her voice sweet and gentle,
The picture of health was her face;
The boys who had many times asked for her hand
Were present, and pleasantly smiled;
They wished both the mother and father good fortune,
And sang to the dear little child.—*Chorus.*

AND THE PARROT SAID.

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Percy Paxton. Sung by Mr. Charles J. Stine.

I lingered by a cottage door, and a parrot said, "Come in, come in,"
And a parrot said, "Come in"; the door was open, I walked in,
And I saw standing there a maiden with a dimpled chin.
A-combing her back hair, back hair, a-combing her back hair;
A great surprise was in her eyes, but still she did not frown,
And as I smiled at that dear child, the parrot said, "Sit down, sit down,"
And the parrot said, "Sit down."

I sat down in her father's chair, and the parrot said, "Kiss her, kiss her,"
And the parrot said, "Kiss her"; and as the maiden did not speak,
Says I, by Jove, I will; the blush which mantled to her cheek
Made her more lovely still, still, still, made her more lovely still,
And as in haste I grasped her waist, she cried out, No, no, no!
It was so nice, I kissed her twice, and the parrot said, "Let go, let go,"
And the parrot said, "Let go."

Her father then came rushing in, and the parrot said, "Sneak out, sneak out,"
And the parrot said, "Sneak out." Her father's voice was like a rasp,
And swearing he began; then I experienced the grasp,
The grasp of an honest man, man, man, the grasp of an honest man;
He hit two blows upon my nose—I feel them to this day:
As out I flew, he kicked me too, and the parrot said, "Good-day, good-day,"
And the parrot said, "Good-day."

* Spoken.

IT'S ALL GONE NOW.

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song can be had at any Music Store in the United States and Canada—price 40 cents, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of Five Thousand Songs Free.

Words and Music by Walter P. Keen.

Sung with repeated encore by the commander-in-chief of the army of fun, Pecos Eldridge, America's Eccentric Genius.

I often sigh for absent friends and wish they would return,
There's some who owe me money, and for them I sadly yearn;
I sigh for my bright dollars that once made my heart rejoice,
I spent about a thousand once to cultivate my voice.

CHORUS.

But it's all gone now, it's all gone now,
Though once it sounded strong when I sang a little song;
And I've been sold, for I caught a cold
Drinking from wet glasses, so it's all gone now.

My brother never went to school and yet he knows a lot,
For he can cure the toothache or most any pain you've got;
He never uses medicine to cure each little ill.
A man who had the rheumatism came to brother Bill—

CHORUS.

And it's all gone now, it's all gone now;
"Before I cure," said he, "why, you'll have to pay my fee."
Then he paid Bill quick, and he made the man kick
A hole right through a window, and the pane's gone now.

Moloney was a pugilist, and in a finish fight
The other fellow landed on his forehead with his right;
It raised a tumor, and he sent a doctor on the case;
The doctor gave a salve to cure the tumor on his face.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, it's all gone now;
The tumor left his head, but there's *two more* there instead;
Still he kept right on, from night till morn,
To use the salve until his face is all gone now.

I never was a drinking man, but one thing I uphold,
That is to keep some whiskey 'round for fear of catching cold;
I kept a bottle in my room for many months, you see,
Until a prohibitionist came there to room with me.

CHORUS.

And, it's all gone now, it's all gone now;
He said he came to town just to put the liquor down;
And me he did convince that he's done it ever since,
I'll swear I never touched it, but it's all gone now.

Si Perkins came to town last week and tried to do the grand,
He said, "By Gosh, I'll see the sights as long as I can stand."
He walked as far as Hester street and met a pretty maid,
And in his purse he had two hundred dollars, so he said.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, it's all gone now;
She treated him so nice, combed his whiskers once or twice—
And Si, by Gosh, once owned a watch,
A diamond ring and locket, but they're all gone now.

I met an old schoolmate to-day who really made me stare,
For he was quite baldheaded, though he once had lovely hair;
He told me how he lost it, 'twas in childhood, so he said,
To mend his pants behind, his mother stood him on his head.

CHORUS.

It's all gone now, he's bald John now;
He'd a rabbit painted there, and you'd swear it was a hare.
But a cinch he's got, for when the weather's hot
He paints a cobweb on to keep the flies off now.

YOUR MOTHER AND I, MAGGIE.

Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by WALTER P. KEEN.

1. One night in the parlor, when mother was away,
Maggie, the only daughter, so lovingly did say:
Please tell me a story, now there's a fond papa;
So that upon the morrow, I'll tell it to mamma!
Darling, the father answered, a story I will tell,
And it concerns your mamma, and you and I as well,
Years ago, a lad and lass were married secretly!
The maiden was your mother dear, the lad, my girl, was me!

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse.



Your moth - er and I, Mag - gle were lov - ers, long a -
go,..... She was my on - ly - sweet - heart, and I her
on - ly beau;..... Though ev - 'ry one told
her, our mar - riage she would rue,..... You are the
child of par - ents, whose love was pure and true!.....

2. Your mother was handsome, and many suitors tried,
Each with his gold and jewels, to win her for his bride;
But wealth couldn't alter the vows she made to me;
Darling, she said, I'm ready to share my life with thee!
When we were wed, her parents disowned their only child,
Telling her at the parting, they'd never be reconciled,
But before they passed away to brighter realms above,
They blessed the girl who married me for pure and holy love!

Copyright, MDCCLXXIV, by HENRY J. WEHMAN.

The complete Words and Music of this Song can be had for 40 cents per copy, of any Music Dealer in the United States or Canada; or from the Publisher, HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York and 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

I Lost Her at the Masquerade.

Copyright, 1894, by W. J. Melbourne.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by W. J. Melbourne.

The scene is one of child and father, at the closing of the day,
Seated in a rustic arbor. "My only comfort," he would say.
At his feet his little daughter, old enough to wonder why,
Begged for him to tell the story how it was her mamma died:
'Twas many years he'd kept the secret—shielding honor and her name.
The wife he loved had broke her vows, he never wished to see her again,
And so he told his child the story—"Mamma was the season's rage;
I trusted her one winter's eve, and lost her at the masquerade.

CHORUS.

Only at the masquerade, only promise me, my love,
Only while my life remains, my companion be;
Many have left a happy home before they were of age;
My little dear, don't leave me here to join the masquerade.

Your mamma was the village queen, and her beauty something grand;
The tempter came, she went away with him to a distant foreign land.
No letter came—I waited home, my head in grief it was bowed down,
Then my doom among the mail, the fatal missive there I found;
I don't regret, my dear little pet, at what I have told to you,
Perhaps in life you'll be a wife—if so, always try and be true.
My entire fortune you'll receive when I am dead and you're of age,
But promise me before I die that you will shun the masquerade."—*Chorus.*

THE LITTLE BUNCH OF WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

A jay came to the city once to see the funny sights,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
He'd heard about the cable cars and grand electric lights,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.
Says he, "I'll take in ev'rything, have all the fun I can."
As he got off the cars the sharpers after him they ran,
And quickly then in tow they had this little country man,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Renhen Glue thought he knew a thing or two,
Said that he would surely like the place.
Whoa! But he went back to the town of Hackensack,
With a very funny look upon his face.

He went into a restaurant to get a bite to eat,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
He was no welcome in there as he was out in the street,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.
He ate a plate of pork and beans, and when he went to pay,
The man charged him five dollars. "That's too much," old Rubie did say.
"I know it is," the man said, "but I need the cash to-day."
And he pulled the little whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Renhen Glue got the buckleberry doo,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.
Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack,
With a very funny look upon his face.

Into a Poker game he sat, to pass the time away,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
A "jackpot" it was opened and old Renhen says, "I'll stay,"
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.
And when it came to drawing cards, old Renhen he took one;
Says he, "I'll show these city sharpers a little bit of fun."
Old Renhen held four aces, but the sharper held a gun
At the little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

CHORUS.

Renhen Glue from the table quickly flew,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.
Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack,
With a very funny look upon his face.

He went into a beer saloon to try and quench his thirst,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
The gang inside got fighting about which one saw him first,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin.
They nailed his shoes down to the floor, he couldn't get away,
For all the drinks they had that night old Renhen had to pay;
They pulled his leg so hard, he had to buy a crutch next day,
Also had to cut the whiskers off his chin.

CHORUS.

Renhen Glue didn't do a thing to you,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place.
Whoa! Then he hopped back to the town of Hackensack,
But he hadn't any whiskers on his face.

MAGGIE MOONEY.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by James Thornton.

On a moonlight night, when the stars shone bright, and ev'rything was still,
Sat a little boy and a maiden coy on a bench beside a mill.
Now this little queen she was just sixteen, and the boy's age was the same;
You would seldom meet a girl more sweet, and I'll tell you her name:

CHORUS.

She is pretty Maggie Mooney, she's the girl for me;
I call on her each evening, just to keep her company.
You all may have your sweethearts, and girls of high degree,
But none can equal my own Maggie Mooney.

Ev'ry morning she goes to work with me, I meet her at her door;
Then she'll wait for me at the mill, you see, when her daily task is o'er.
Then it's home we'll trot to her little cot, in a quiet, shady lane;
I have often said, when we get wed she'll never work again.—*Chorus.*

I'M Gwine TO MARRY MISSA TRUSCALINA BROWN.

Copyright, 1894, by The S. Brainard's Sons Co.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Jas. E. Sullivan. Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.

There's a happy time a-comin' in de sweet by an' by,
Tell all de niggers not to tarry;
There'll be lots o' ginger cake, wine an' puukin pie,
As much as dey kin carry,
For I'm gwine to marry Miss Truscalina Brown.
She's de envy oh de ladies: all de colored gal in town
Am crazy on their faces, ev'ry one am got a frown,
For I'm a-gwine to marry Missa Truscalina Brown.

REFRAIN.

Den ring dat golden bell, ring dat golden bell;
Tell de colored population, tell de whole united nation,
For to call de little children from de dell.
Ring dat golden bell, ring dat golden bell;
O, hallelujah, glory! put on my crown,
For I'm gwine to marry Missa Truscalina Brown.

There's a heap o' trouble waitin' for de big yaller coon
Dat dates on his life to pull a razah;
Ev'ry one's a gentlemann, dat's on de invitation,
For to bar out little Johnny Frazah.
Den won't it be a grent sight at de church o' Zion?
In my dandy suit oh weidin' close I'll be de social lion.
De coons wid envy turnin' white an' all de wenches sigh'n',
For ev'ry body at de bride to kies her da'll be tryin'.—*Refrain.*

MY PEARL'S A BOWERY GIRL.

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Andrew Mack.

Of course, ev'ry boy has a sweetheart,
And some boys they have two or three;
Of all the girls in this great city
There is only one "in it" with me.
She lives with her folks on the Bowery,
A few doors away from Canal,
And helps to support her old mother,
Does my little Bow'ry gal.

CHORUS.

My pearl is a Bow'ry girl,
She's all the world to me;
She's "in it" with any the girls 'round the town,
And a "corking good-looker," see?
At Wallhalla Hall, why, she kills them all,
As waltzing together we twirl;
She sets them all crazy, a "epieier," a "daisy,"
For my pearl's a Bow'ry girl.

In summer we go down to "Coney's,"
Together we stroll 'long the beach,
And sometimes we go in the ocean,
For at swimming, you bet, she's a "peach."
The other boys of me are jealous,
But with me, why, that "cuts no ice."
I'm going to lead pearl to the altar
As soon as I gets the price.—*Chorus.*

DON'T FORGET ME, MARY!

Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Tempo di Valse.



1. They kissed and part - ed at the gate, A lass and lov - ing swain,..... He
2. The ship went sail - ing far a - way Thro' wild and an - gry wave,..... With
3. At home his Ma - ry fond - ly waits Her lov - er's glad re - turn,..... Still



was to sail the sea a - way, They might not meet a - gain,..... The
gal - lant heart the sail - or lad Saw near a sail - or's grave,..... A
hop - ing, long - ing, day by day Her heart's re - ward to earn,..... She



love that bloomed in Ma - ry's heart Shone thro' her ra - di - ant eye,..... She
dark - some night, no land in sight, - For death he had no fear,..... And
does not know that Jack's warm hand Will nev - er clasp her own,..... At



heard her lov - er's ten - der plea While whisper - ing sad "good - bye!".....
as he sank be - neath the foam His voice rose sound - ing clear:.....
night in dreams she seems to hear His voice in lov - ing tone!.....

CHORUS. *After third verse sing Chorus pianissimo.*

a tempo.



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, While I sail the sea,.....



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, Wher - ev - er I may be,.....



Keep your heart in glad - ness, Ten - der, warm and true,.....



Don't for - get me, Ma - ry, I'll think of none but you.....

Copyright, MDCCCXCIII, by HENRY J. WEHMAN.

The complete Words and Music of this Song can be had for 40 cents per copy, of any Music Dealer in the United States or Canada; or from the Publisher, HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXV, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by A. H. Noy. Music by J. P. Skelly.

Raise the window higher, mother, air can never harm me now;
Let the breeze blow in upon me, it will cool my fevered brow.
Soon death's struggles will be over, soon be stilled this aching heart,
But I have a dying message I would give before we part:
Lay my head upon your bosom, fold me closer, mother, dear,
While I breathe a name long silent, in thy fond and loving ear.
Mother, there is one—you know him—oh, I cannot speak his name,
You remember how he sought me, how with loving words he came.

How he gained my young affection, vowing in most tender tone
That he would forever guard me, were my heart but his alone;
You remember how I trusted, how my thoughts were all of him—
Draw the curtain higher, mother, for the light is growing dim.
Need I tell you how he left me, coldly putting me aside,
How he wooed and won another, and now claims her as his bride?
Life has been a weary burden since those hours of deepest woe—
Wipe these cold drops from my forehead, they are death marks well I know.

Gladly I obey the summons to a bright and better land,
Where no hearts are won and broken, but all form a happy band.
Do not chide him, mother, darling, though my form you see no more;
Grieve not, think me only waiting for you on the other shore.
Do not chide him, mother, darling, though you miss me from your side;
I forgive him, and I wish him joy with her so soon his bride.
Take this ring from off my finger, where he placed it long ago;
Give it to him with a blessing, that, in dying, I bestow.

Tell him that it is a token of forgiveness and of peace—
Hark! I hear his voice, it passeth; will this anguish never cease?
Hark! I hear his footsteps coming—no, 'tis but the rustling trees;
Strange how my disordered fancy caught his footfall on the breeze.
I am cold now, close the window, fold me closer—kiss me, too,
Joy! what means that burst of music? 'tis the Saviour's voice, I know;
See him waiting to receive me! oh, how great a bliss to die—
Mother, meet your child in heaven; one more kiss, and then—good-bye.

Since My Mother's Dead and Gone.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

In that dear old village churchyard, there I see a mossy mound,
That is where my mother's sleeping in the cold and silent ground;
Gently waves the weeping willow, birds their warble sing at dawn,
But my heart is sad and lonely since my mother's dead and gone.

CHORUS.

In that dear old village churchyard oft I stray with heart forlorn,
For there's no one left to love me since my mother's dead and gone.

I was young, but I remember well the night my mother died,
When I watched her spirit fading, till she called me to her side;
Saying, "Darling, I must leave you, angel voices guide me on;
Pray that we may meet in heaven, when your mother's dead and gone.—Chorus.

Oft I wander to that churchyard, flowers to plant with tender care
On the grave of my dear mother—darkness finds me weeping there,
Looking at the sky above me, waiting for the heavenly dawn,
There is no one left to love me since my mother's dead and gone.—Chorus.

OH, PROMISE ME.

Copyright, 1889, by G. Schirmer.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by Clement Scott. Music by Reginald De Koven.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew;
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise;
Hearing God's message, while the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls;
No love like perfect than a life with thee—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

AFTER THE BALL.

Copyright, 1892, by Chas. K. Harris & Co.

Exclusive permission to publish the words of this song. All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

A little maiden climbed on an old man's knee,
Begged for a story—"Do, uncle, please,
Why are you single; why live alone?
Have you no babies; have you no home?"
"I had a sweetheart, years, years ago;
Where she is now, pet, you will soon know.
List to the story, I'll tell it all;
I believed her faithless after the ball."

CHORUS.

After the ball is over, after the break of morn;
After the dancers' leaving, after the stars are gone—
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished after the ball.

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball-room,
Softly the music, playing sweet tunes.
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own—
'I wish some water, leave me alone.'
When I returned, dear, there stood a man,
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can,
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all,
Just as my heart was, after the ball.—Chorus.

Long years have passed, child; I've never wed;
True to my lost love, though she is dead.
She tried to tell me, tried to explain;
I would not listen, pleadings were vain.
One day a letter came from that man—
He was her brother—the letter ran,
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all;
I broke her heart, pet, after the ball.—Chorus.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Kornder.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said:
"Our organist is ill to-day, will someone play instead?"
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there,
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.
A man then staggered down the aisle whose clothes were old and torn;
How strange a drunkard seemed to me in church on Sunday morn!
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

REFRAIN.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,
And just to see to it again all earthly wealth I'd give;
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale,
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat,
Except the poor old organist, who started toward the street;
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away.
The preacher rose and softly said: "Good brethren, let us pray."—Refrain.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Kornder.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York. Postage stamps taken same as cash for all our goods.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

An old man gazed on a photograph in the locket he'd worn for years;
His nephew then asked him the reason why that picture had caused him tears.
"Come, listen," he said, "I will tell you, lad, a story that's strange but true—
Your father and I at the school one day met two little girls in blue.

REFRAIN.

Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue;
They were sisters, we were brothers, and learned to love the two.
And one little girl in blue, lad, who won your father's heart,
Became your mother; I married the other, but we have drifted apart.

"That picture is one of those girls," he said, "and to me she was once a wife;
I thought her unfaithful, we quarreled, lad, and parted that night for life.
My fancy of jealousy wronged a heart, a heart that was good and true,
For two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls in blue."—Ref.

SINCE MY MOTHER'S DEAD AND GONE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Andante moderato.

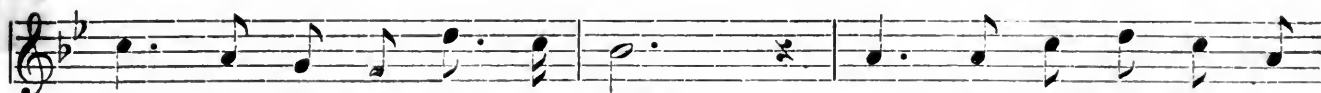


1. In that dear old vil - lage church - yard,
2. I was young, but I re - mem - ber
3. Oft I wan - der to that church - yard,

There I see a moss - y
Well the night my moth - er
Flow'rs to plant with ten - der



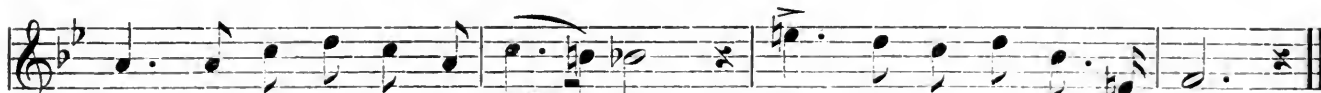
mound, That is where my moth - er's sleep - ing,
died, When I watched her spir - it fad - ing,
care On the grave of my dear moth - er—



In the cold and si - lent ground. Gen - tly waves the weep - ing
Till she called me to her side, Say - ing, "dar - ling, I must
Dark - ness finds me weep - ing there, Look - ing at the sky a -



wil - low, Birds their war - ble sing at dawn,
leave you, An - gel voi - ces guide on, -
bove me, Wait - ing for the heav'n ly dawn:

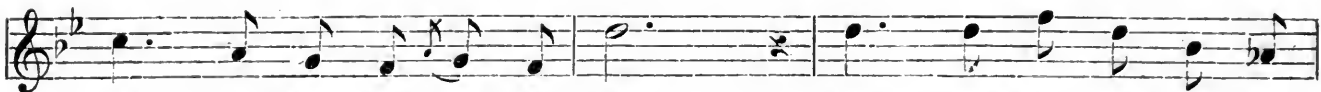


But my heart is sad and lone - ly— Since my moth - er's dead and gone!
Pray that we may meet in Heav - en, When your moth - er's dead and gone!"
There is no one left to love me, Since my moth - er's dead and gone!

CHORUS.



In that dear old vil - lage church - yard,



Oft I stray with heart for - lorn; For there's no one left to



love me, Since my moth - er's dead and gone!

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by HENRY J. WEHMAN.

The complete Words and Music of this Song can be had for 40 cents per copy, of any Music Dealer in the United States or Canada; or from the Publisher, HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

THE LITTLE MUSICIAN.

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by John Butler. Music by J. F. Mahony.

The little musician played the old songs that we loved in the days of yore,
And sweeter music was never heard in all this world before;
Her fingers ran swiftly o'er the keys, a fairy's hands were there,
And the harmony filled our hearts with love for that child so grand and fair.

CHORUS.

The little musician played and sang with a genius seldom heard,
She had the soft touch of an angel and the sweet notes of a bird.

The little musician's face was bright and her voice was sweet and clear,
And the songs, so softly played to us, were beautiful to hear;
It seemed to all that this little child possessed the great master's art,
She played and sang with native charm that captured ev'ry heart.—*Chorus.*

Love Will Bring Me Back Again.

Copyright, MDCCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by J. P. Skelly.

A sailor stood on the silent shore,
His loving lassie by his side;
His ship would sail with the morning's light
To lands across the ocean wide.
His heart was sad as he saw the tears
Fall from her eyes, her cheek to stain;
"Don't grieve, sweetheart, tho' we must part;
True love will bring me back again."

CHORUS.

Love will bring me back again over the ocean wide,
Ever fondly to remain close by my darling's side;
Though care may dim your loving eyes, looking for me in vain,
Remember this, with parting kiss, love will bring me back again.

He sailed away at the dawn of day,
His love still both from him to part;
She watched the ship till 'twas out of sight,
Then turned away with aching heart.
The sailor boy to his vow was true,
He sent this message o'er the main:
"Cheer up, my own, though left alone,
True love will bring me back again."—*Chorus.*

The years went by, but no tidings came
Of him that lassie held so dear;
In silent prayer she breathed his name,
While waiting there in hope and fear.
At last he came, with glowing face,
Upon his lips that glad refrain:
"Oh, sweetheart mine, my joy divine,
True love has brought me back again."—*Chorus.*

Don't Leave the Old Home, Mamie.

Copyright, 1894, by Jos. W. Stern & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words and Music by Will H. Fox. Arrangement by G. M. Rosenberg.

The scene an humble dwelling, with hearth-fire burning bright;
A father and a mother, gray in years,
Are talking to their daughter, their pride, their hearts' delight,
With voices low and eyes bedimmed with tears.
The child has told her parents that love has won her heart,
That she will leave them both ere many days;
Her words cause tears anew from two souls so good and true,
And this is what her dear old father says:

CHORUS.

"Don't leave the old home, Mamie; from temptation refrain,
You know it will bring sorrow, we may never meet again;
Bid him come here and marry you, then with us both remain,
'Twould break your dear old mother's heart, were you to love in vain."

"You say he loves you, daughter; then let him prove it, dear;
If this be true, he won't ask you to roam;
He knows you are our jewel, our only guiding star,
Why should he dim the brightness of our home?"
The mother pleads, "My loved one, false steps wreck many a home;
Remain with us, upon my knees I pray.
Don't say that we must part, do not break your mother's heart,
But listen to what father has to say:"—*Chorus.*

A BROTHER'S LOVE;

—OR—

The Vagrant Son.

Copyright, 1894, by The S. Brainerd's Sons Co.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

A tramp once told the tale to me that I'll relate to you:
He said, I've not been always thus, once better days I knew;
My home was in a mansion, where all things were of the best.
I had a darling sister then, with beauty she was blest;
I loved her but too fondly, for I sacrificed my home,
And heard my father's curses as he drove me forth to roam.

CHORUS.

A poor and vagrant son, an outcast, wand'ring one
I bore my father's curse and roamed away;
'Tis for a sister's sake the scorn of man I take—
'That's why I am without a home to-day.

My sister had a suitor, who had naught but love to give,
She cared for him with passion that was born to ever live;
And tempted by the love, alas, that knows no wrong or right,
From father's safe she took a sum to aid them in their flight.
'Twas I who caught them in the theft at silent midnight time,
'Twas I who saw them both escape and leave their mark of crime.—*Chorus.*

I heard my father's footstep coming from the room above—
She was my sister, and no tongue could ever tell my love;
My only thought was how to save her name from such disgrace,
And though, from that day into this, I've never seen her face,
I let my father think that I had been the guilty thief;
He drove me forth, a vagrant son, to life of shame and grief.—*Chorus.*

TWIGGY VOO.

Copyright, 1893, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

All rights reserved.

The Words and Music of this Song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents; or this and any two other Songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York; or 125 W. Madison Street, Chicago. Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Words by Richard Norton. Music by Geo. Le Brun.

When you're giving folks advice, or you're telling stories nice,
I couldn't tell the end if I were you;
For to cut it short is best, you can let them guess the rest,
"Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!"
When young Jouns, at number four, rushes heading from the door,
Calls a cab, says, drive to Doctor Lord-knows-who,
Returns with doctor, then it's worse; "there are two, sir," says the nurse—
"Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!"

CHORUS.

Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!
Well, of course, it stands to reason that you do;
To the force and reason in it, you can tumble in a minute;
Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!

When it's raining like a flood and the streets are full of mud,
What lots of pretty girls appear on view;
Tho' their dresses look so neat, yet they like to cross the street,
"Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!"
As they stand on corners neat, how the fellows watch each dear,
Married ones and single ones—of course, they do—
And ev'ry male, for miles around, then is staring at the ground,
"Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!"—*Chorus.*

Now the darling girls all wed, just for love, we hear it said—
At least, in all the novels so they do;
But a nice engagement ring, set with diamonds, is the thing,
"Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!"
If an old guy falls in love with some little turtle dove,
And he says, "I've lots of gold, pray, wed me, do!"
She'll say, "Just settle on me, dear, twenty thousand cash a year."
"Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!"—*Chorus.*

When a lady finds a note in her husband's business coat,
A letter that is signed by Mand or Loo,
He will say 'twas one he found just outside, while looking 'round—
"Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!"
If that night he journeys out and she follows him about,
She will find him with a girl in pink or blue;
He'll say it is his niece, Miss Brown, who came suddenly to town,
"Twiggy voo, my boys! Twiggy voo!"—*Chorus.*

—As Advertised.—Like the broken lily she drooped under the crushing blow. "Sir," her father cried, fiercely, "is it that she is poor and you are rich? Do you not feel that my daughter has a claim on you after you have called to see her every evening for six months?" The youth smiled sardonically. "No," he answered, "Look!" Rapidly turning the leaves of the Sunday newspaper, pointed to the fateful words of the old man's advertisement: "No trouble to show goods."—*Truth.*

HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

Tempo di Valse.



1. Have you seen her? She's the fair - est lit - tle girl in all the
2. Have you seen her? You can tell her by the sun - shine in her
3. Have you seen her? She the treas - ure of my heart for - ev - er -



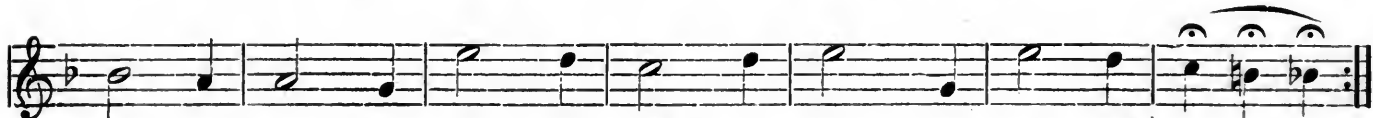
world. She's a beau - ty! she's the rar - est! She's a
face; Not a maid - en can ex - cel her In her
more, And to know her is a pleas - ure; She's the



rose with dew im - pearled. There's a win - ning way a -
love - li - ness and grace. There are girls of wealth and
girl that I a - dore. An - y home her smile would



bout her, That I nev - er saw be - fore, Oh! I
splen - dor, But As the rath - er have one smile From the
bright - en, As the stars the sky a - bove; She was

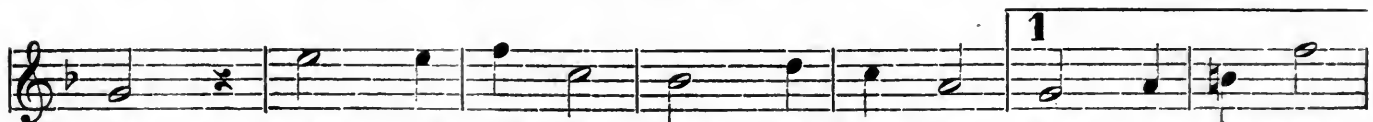


would not be with - out her And I love her more and more.....
girl so good and ten - der That I think of all the while.....
sent my heart to light - en With the bless - ing of her love.....

REFRAIN.



Have you seen her? Have you seen her? She's the dar - ling girl for



me. She's the neat - est, She's the sweet - est, And our wed - ding



soon will be. Oh,..... boys, And our wed - ding soon will be. *D.S. al Fine.*

Copyright, MDCCKCIII, by HENRY J. WEHMAN.

The complete Words and Music of this Song can be had for 40 cents per copy, of any Music Dealer in the United States or Canada; or from the Publisher, HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.

BALLAD.

Words by A. H. NOE.

Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Andante con espressione.



1. Raise the win-dow high - er, moth - er, air can nev - er harm me now, Let the
2. How he gained my young af - fec - tion, vow-ing in most ten - der tone That he
3. Glad - ly I o - bey the sum-mons to a bright and bet - ter land, Where no
4. Tell him that it is a tok - en of for - give-ness and of peace— Hark! I



breeze blow in up - on me, It will cool my fe-vered brow; Soon death's struggles will be
would for - ev - er guard me, were my heart but his a - lone; You re - mem-ber how I
hearts are won and bro - ken, but all form a hap - py band; Do not chide him, moth - er,
hear his voice, it pass - eth; will this an - guish nev - er cease? Hark! I hear his foot-steps



o - ver, soon be stilled this ach - ing heart, But I have a dy - ing mes-sage I would
trust - ed, how my thoughts were all of him— Draw the cur-tain high - er, moth - er, for the
dar - ling, tho' my form you see no more; Grieve not, think me on - ly wait-ing for you
com - ing— no, 'tis but the rust - ling trees; Strange how my dis - or - dered fan - cy caught his



give be - fore we part: Lay my head up - on your bos - om, fold me clos - er, moth - er,
light is grow - ing dim. Need I tell you how he left me, cold - ly put - ting me a -
on the oth - er shore. Do not chide him, moth - er, dar - ling, tho' you miss me from your
foot - fall on the breeze. I am cold now, close the win-dow, fold me clos - er— kiss me,



dear, While I breathe a name long si - lent, in thy fond and lov - ing ear; Mother,
side, How he wooed and won an - oth - er, and now claims her as his bride? Life has
side, I for - give him, and I wish him joy with her to be his bride; Take this
too; Joy! what means that burst of mu - sic? 'tis the Sav - four's voice, I know; See Him



there is one— you know him— oh, I can - not speak his name, You re -
been a wea - ry bur - den since those hours of deep - est woe— Wipe these
ring from off my fin - ger, where he placed it long a - go— Give it
wait - ing to re - ceive me! oh, how great a bliss to die— Moth - er,



mem - ber how he sought me, how with lov - ing words he came.
cold drops from my fore - head, they are death marks well I know.
to him with a bless - ing, that in dy - ing I be - stow.
meet your child in Heav - en, one more kiss, and then— good - bye.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXV, by HENRY J. WEHMAN.

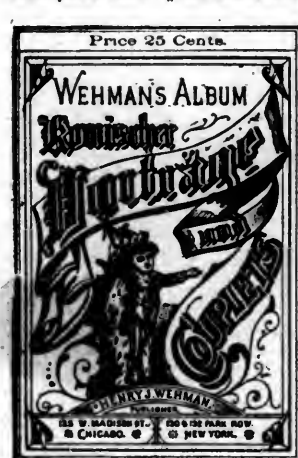
The complete Words and Music of this Song can be had for 40 cents per copy, of any Music Dealer in the United States or Canada; or from the Publisher, HENRY J. WEHMAN, 130 & 132 Park Row, New York.

WEHMAN'S ALBUM Komischer Vorträge und Couplets.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Eine Auswahl wichtiger Vorträge für gesellige Kreise,
humoristische Aufsätze und Gedichte, Couplets
und Carnevalls-Vorträge.

Das eben erschienene Buch soll vorzugsweise bestimmt sein, allen denen als Wegweiser zu dienen, welche mit Vorträgen aus dem Gebiete der heiteren Dichtung in Gesellschaften sich Weisheit erringen wollen. Es enthält eine reichhaltige Sammlung humoristischer Vorträge, die von erprobter Wirksamkeit, so daß Jeder etwas für ihn Passendes darin finden wird. „Wer Vieles bringt, wird Manchem etwas bringen“ war das Motto des Herausgebers, und wer einen Blick auf das Inhaltsverzeichnis wirft, wird damit übereinstimmen, daß dieses Ziel erreicht ist. Neben den humorvollen Dichtungen eines Gaffel, Görner, Sappir, Mauritius, Gaudy, Kallisch, Glasbrenner, Drobisch, etc. etc. — Namen, die keines Kommentars bedürfen — findet sich eine ganze Anzahl zum ersten Male im Druck erscheinender Vorträge von in hiesigen Vereinstreifen bestbekannten Humoristen. Alles in Allem genommen, bildet dieses Buch ein humoristisches Deklamatorium, das allen Freunden des Humors und der Heiterkeit mit bestem Gewissen empfohlen werden kann. Besonders sei den Mitgliedern von Vereinen, Clubs etc. angerathen, sich in den Besitz desselben zu setzen; denn wie mancher von ihnen wird im Familien-, Freundes- oder Gesellschaftstreffen aufgefordert, etwas vorzutragen, und geräth dabei in nicht geringe Verlegenheit — das eine Gedicht ist zu lang, das andere paßt nicht für den Zweck, dem es dienen soll, u. s. w. In Wehman's Album ist Rath geschafft, denn es enthält in bunter Abwechslung komische Vorträge, Couplets, Solo-Scherze, Carnevalls-Vorträge etc., und jede Geschmacksrichtung ist darin vertreten. Es wird auch Demjenigen, welcher keinen deklamatorischen Gebrauch davon macht, beim Lesen hohen Genuß bereiten. — Der Aufwand von Zeit



und Geld für dieses über ein Hundert der besten humoristischen Deklamationen enthaltende Buch steht in keinem Verhältnis zu dem Preis desselben — 25 Cents. Der Herausgeber glaubt jedoch in Hinsicht auf die beispiellose Billigkeit, und weil das Buch einem wahren Bedürfnis entspricht, auf die weiteste Verbreitung desselben rechnen zu dürfen.

Zu beziehen durch alle Buchhändler und Zeitungsagenten in den Vereinigten Staaten und Canada, sowie gegen Einsendung des Betrages in Briefmarken direkt und franko vom Herausgeber.

Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,
130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK. 125 W. Madison Street, CHICAGO.

WEHMAN'S MINSTREL SKETCHES, CONUNDRUMS AND JOKE.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

A book full and running-over with side-splitting fun. It contains Conundrums that will set the whole continent guessing, and then they'll have to give 'em up half the time. Jokes and Gags for End Men—the best lot of these funny answers and questions ever published. Negro sketches—the Minstrel and Showman will find in this book all the sketches they want to set a house in a rip-roaring laughter. It also contains all the latest jokes of Thatcher, Primrose & West, Carnecroft, and Haverly's Minstrels; also of such comedians as Harrigan & Hart, Billy Rice, Gus Williams, Pat Rooney, J. K. Emmet, Sam Devore, and many others equally prominent. In fact, it contains the best and most comprehensive collection of Sketches, Conundrums and Jokes ever sold at so low a price. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address on receipt of 25 Cents. U. S. postage stamps, of any denomination, taken same as cash.

SPECIAL—Five copies for \$1. Get four of your friends to club in with you at 25 cents each, making \$1 in all, and thereby get your own book free. This offer holds good at any time. Remember the title, "WEHMAN'S MINSTREL SKETCHES, CONUNDRUMS AND JOKE." Send for a free catalogue of Songs, books, etc., etc.



Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,
130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK. 125 W. Madison Street, CHICAGO.

WEHMAN'S PRACTICAL POULTRY BOOK

PRICE 25 CENTS.

This new Practical Poultry Book fills a long felt want for a Complete and Standard Guide for the Breeding and Management of Poultry for Domestic Use and the Market, the building of Henneries, and models thereof; Incubators, Egg-Hatching, etc. We are informed, from good authority, that many old-fashioned farmers are inclined to discredit the statement that there is Money in Poultry—why? because they are not posted in the new and improved ideas in poultry management. A little trial of the rules laid down in this book will soon dispel all misgivings in this direction, and tend to convince the most sceptical that there is Money in Poultry-Keeping. Every farmer, every breeder, every poultry dealer, every man or woman having available ground, every person having one or more fowls, is ought to secure a copy of this book at once—as it means Dollars and Cents in their pockets if its instructions are practiced—perhaps a fluency if conducted as a business. The information it contains is not founded on hearsay, but was obtained from the most reliable sources—that is, it contains only practical information about poultry, etc., such as has been tried for years and found to be satisfactory financially and otherwise. We have spared no pains, time or expense in getting up this book, and we feel confident that it's only a question of time when we will reap the fruits of our labor in the shape of thousands of mail orders for the same, as it "speaks for itself," and will, therefore, be recommended by all its purchasers as a Complete and Standard Guide. It is worth many times its cost to the farmer, breeder, or poultry dealer. Any farmer, breeder, or poultry dealer who hasn't a copy of WEHMAN'S PRACTICAL POULTRY BOOK is not abreast of the times, and is losing money every day that he is without it. Many farmers look to their agricultural journals for information in this line, which is very good so far as it goes, but it doesn't cover the whole matter from beginning to end in one issue, while in this book they can find all the reliable information they desire in compact form, and it costs but a quarter. The following are a small portion of the topics treated in this book: How to Start and Stock a



Henneries; Poultry Houses, Cheap and Expensive; Yards, Coops and Enclosures; Poultry Keeping for Profit; Poultry on a Large Scale; Poultry Raising as a Business; Feeding and Laying; Winter Egg Production; The Hatching Period; Preparing Nests for Fitters; Spring Breeding of Poultry; The Hens for Farmers; How to Produce Layers; Good and Cheap Incubators; How to Raise Artificially-Hatched Chickens; Caponizing; Packing Eggs for Market; Packing Poultry for Market; Feeding Hoppers; Drinking Fountains and Grain Chutes; Eggs and Pullets; Preserving Eggs; Diseases of Poultry—Cholera, Cholera, Pip, Gapes, Roup, Scaly Legs, Lice, Egg Eating, Crop-Bound Fowls, etc.; the Plymouth Rocks; the Wyandottes; the Brown Leghorns; the Golden Spangled Orpingtons; the White Crested Black Polands; the Langshans; the Silver Spangled Hamburgs; the Houdans; the Buff Cochins; the White Cochins; the White Leghorns; the Golden Pencilled Hamburgs; the White Starlings; the La Flecile Fowls; the Gray Dorkings; the Brahmas; Game Fowls; antams, etc.; Management of Chickens; Killing Poultry; Preparing Against Vermin; Fencing; Management of Ducks; Raising Turkeys; Fattening Geese, etc., etc. It would take many pages to explain fully the merits of this book, as it is replete with everything worth knowing about the Breeding and Management of Poultry, etc. The information it contains is not only reliable, but modern and economical. If you purchase this book, you will never regret having done, for it is money wisely spent. Do not delay in sending for it; you never have and never can make a better investment for a quarter. It is profusely illustrated, with handsome cover, and is a first-class book in every respect. It is sold at a price that places it within reach of everybody. Price TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per copy, by mail, post-paid.

Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,
130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK. 125 W. Madison Street, CHICAGO.

WEHMAN'S NEW BOOK OF TRICKS

—AND—
VENTRILOQUISTS' GUIDE.
PRICE 25 CENTS.



This is the latest and best book published on Tricks, Ventriloquism, Second-Sight and Fireside Mesmerism. It is illustrated with over 60 engravings, the instructions for performing are so plainly given that any child, with a little practice, can do them, as they only require simple apparatus. We will mention a few of the tricks in this book: How to eat a peck of shavings and change them in a ribbon—How to make a dime pass through a table—How to make dice burn under water—How to put a ring through your cheek—d then bring it on a stick—How to make a loaf dance while it is baking in the oven—How to cut off a chicken's head without killing it—How to make ice in summer—How to change water into wine—A lamp that will burn for a year—How to cut off your nose—How to make fireproof paper—How to eat tow and set it on fire in your mouth—How to produce a mouse from a pack of cards—How to tell the number any person thinks of—How to tell in advance a card selected by any one—How to tell if a person is in love—How to remove a man's shirt without taking off his coat or vest—triloquist and 150 other equally astonishing tricks, etc. Old and young should not fail to get this highly amusing and wonderful book; it will put you on the road to be come a Great Magician, such as Hermann, Heller and others. Don't fail to get it only 25 cents, by mail, post-paid.

Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago house, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN,
130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK. 125 W. Madison Street, CHICAGO.

Latest and Most Popular Songs

FOR THE PIANO.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPLETE.

OH, HOW I LOVE SWEET KATHLEENGEO. C. EDWARDS Waltz Song.	FARE THEE WELL, MY LITTLE SWEETHEART..... Sentimental. GEO. J. SOUTHWICK
FORGET THE PAST.....GEO. E. APPEL Sentimental.	WALKING ON DE RAINBOW IN DE SKY.....GEO. C. EDWARDS Negro Melody,
SUSIE, DO YOU LUB ME?.....FRANK ADDIS KENT Negro Melody.	DAY BY DAY YEARS HAVE ROLLED ON.....HARRY S. MILLER Sentimental.
HOW NICE THAT ALL MUST BE HARRY S. MILLER Comic.	CONVERSATION WATER.....GEORGE LESTER Convivial Song and Chorus.
HE GOT THE RINKEY DINK.....GEO. C. EDWARDS Comic.	LOVE WILL BRING ME BACK AGAIN.... J. P. SKELLY Sentimental.
WHEN THE MAILMAN COMES.....W. B. DAVIS Sentimental.	THE LITTLE MUSICIAN.....J. F. MAHONY Quartette Song.
THE LITTLE TOY DRUM.....CHAS. GRAHAM Sentimental.	ROAMING IN THE CLOVER.....GEORGE LESTER Waltz Song.
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE OLD HOME, AFTER ALL.. Sentimental. WALTER P. KEEN	THE WORKINGMAN'S DREAM.....J. P. SKELLY Pathetic.
HE MARRIED RILEY'S BRIDE.....GEO. C. EDWARDS Comic, Irish.	YOUR MOTHER AND I, MAGGIE.....WALTER P. KEEN Sentimental.
MAGIC PICTURES IN THE GRATE .. LEONTINE STANFIELD Sentimental.	MY JOHANNA JOHNSON... EDGAR SELDEN Ethiopian Song and Dance.
TO-MORROW'S ANOTHER DAY.....W. D. SMITH Baritone Solo.	SINCE MY MOTHER'S DEAD AND GONE.....J. P. SKELLY Sentimental.
I LONG TO SEE THE OLD HOME ONCE AGAIN...W. C. PARKER Sentimental.	IT'S ALL GONE NOW.....WALTER P. KEEN Comic.
THINKING OF ONE SHE LOVES.....FELIX MCGLENNON Sentimental.	SEEKING JENNIE HOME.....GEO. C. EDWARDS Waltz Song.
MENALLY'S OLD BACK YARD.....GEO. C. EDWARDS Waltz Song.	DON'T FORGET ME, MARY.....J. P. SKELLY Sentimental.
HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.....FRANK ADDIS KENT Comic.	HAVE YOU SEEN HER?.....GEO. C. EDWARDS Waltz Song.
KIND WORDSJ. F. MAHONY Sentimental.	THEY CAN'T KEEP THE WORKINGMAN DOWN....J. FLETCHER Sentimental.
ONLY TO SEE MY MOTHER.....LINCOLN J. POLLAK Descriptive.	THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR.....J. P. SKELLY Descriptive.
THE SWELL UP TO DATE.....HARRY S. MILLER Song and Dance.	THE DYING GIRL'S MESSAGE.....J. P. SKELLY Pathetic.
WHEN WE'RE MARRIED BY-AND BY.....CHAS. EDWARDS Song and Dance.	SWEET DREAMS OF MOTHER AND HOME.....J. P. SKELLY Sentimental.
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?.....PADDY MURPHY Topical.	BELLEVILLE CONVENT FIRE.....NED STRAIGHT Pathetic.
RAFFLE FOR A WATERBURY WATCH.....HARRY S. MILLER Comic.	SOME OTHER GUYU. WEAR THE RING.....J. P. SKELLY Serio-Comic.
UPON LIFE'S OCEAN CAST AWAY.GEO. J. SOUTHWICK Descriptive.	DARS A NEW MOON IN DE SKY.....GEORGE LESTER Negro Melody.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR FEET?... HARRY S. MILLER Comic.	DID YOU NOTICE IT?J. P. SKELLY Topical.
HE MARRIED THE DAUGHTER, MOTHER AND ALL..... Comic. HARRY S. MILLER	ANGEL MOTHER WAITS FOR ME.....J. P. SKELLY Sentimental.

Any of the above Songs, Words and Music complete, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of **FORTY Cents per copy**, or any **FIVE Copies**, your selection, for **ONE DOLLAR**. Remember, this does not apply to any Songs not appearing on above list. Address all orders to either our New York or Chicago House, whichever is nearest to you.

HENRY J. WEHMAN, Publisher,
130 & 132 Park Row,
NEW YORK.

125 W. Madison Street,
CHICAGO.